

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

State College
Washington
Library

VOL. III. NO. 5.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 109.

TO MAKE MEN FREE.

To make men free has been the dream
Of every noble soul on earth—
To bring a better time to birth;
To see the future's hills agleam
With the first, holy light
Of a new era bright,
From which the human night
Of ages speeds away,
Its sable folds withdrawn
Before the golden dawn,
Where earth goes rolling on
Into the grander day.

To make men free from court and throne,
Free from the moneychanger's greed,
Free from hypocrisy and creed,
Free from the dreaded lash of need,
And free to reap where they have sown;
Free from earth's scourge, the con-
queror,
Free from the murderous lust of war,
Free from the robber's cry of more,
And free to have their own;
Free voluntarily to share
Their blessings for the common good;
Free to each other's burdens bear,
In brotherhood and helpfulness,
Free in security to live
And seek the blessing of content;
Free in the freedom love can give;
The freedom of enlightenment!

To make men free! It is with me
The dearest purpose of my heart,
That I may know and do my part
To help the cause of liberty;
My energy and life to be
Made consecrate to the one theme,
The single purpose and the dream,
In every land, to make men free—
To make men free.

—Lowell.

A NEW PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.

Said one in sacerdotal dress, resting carelessly under the shadow of a rock, to a travel-stained youth and weary, but withal a hopeful look upon his face, because of new-found thought, pressing forward to the foothills of joy: "Whither art thou bound?"

"I am bound for the realm of love that I have dreamt of," the youth replied. "It is a beautiful laocacy—there and there alone can be seen

"Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the people themselves, Lifted, illumin'd, bathed in peace—elate, secure in peace,"

which is embosomed in these mountains; its home is on one of the loftiest plateaus above; I go forward to reach it."

Said the saintly teacher: "Beware! rash youth. Trust not thy dreams, they will betray thee. There is no such place as thou pratest of. I have lived in these parts near three score years and ten and never even heard of such; I speak that I know and I speak with authority."

"Pardon me, sir, I do not claim to know, I only seek. I must, perforce, trust myself and my vision. At the end of my dream there came a white-robed figure of stalwart and stern aspect, and it said: 'Follow—and I follow! My heart vibrates to the call—naught can detain me; not wealth nor grandeur, nor kith nor kin; not duty nor religion, nor anything that can be named with mortal breath.'"

"O, stiff-necked boy, I clearly perceive

that thou art a wilful, wayward youth, bent on self destruction; the road thou seekest to follow is a narrow mountain trail with many obstacles therein, and at the end thereof is naught but a precipice over which the few souls that have stubbornly dared, against all warnings, to pursue the path have cast themselves in dissatisfaction and horror at their loneliness and isolation. There is no turning back, and upon that road there is no company, each one travels it alone! Be warned, thy vision is of the evil one, a delusion sent out to tempt thee. Follow not the figure thou speakest of, turn, follow the cross!"

"Priest, for such I now see thou art, I will not turn back. Too long I followed the cross. I now follow the cup, that loving cup, which holds the Wine of Life—that cup that hovers ever in front of me and whose gleam I sometimes faintly see. Thou art the evil one, or his servant. Avant Sathanas! Detain me not; the white-robed figure beckons; I know it! Truth! Lead on, I follow! I walk the path of Freedom. Unhand me, sir, I will not listen!"

"Rash mortal, thou shalt. I am thy keeper. The path thou treadest is not the path of Freedom, it is the broad road that leadeth to destruction—it is the highway to hell. It slopes down, not up, as thou vainly thinkest; to follow it means Atheism, licentiousness, Anarchy. Stop while there is time! Wouldest thou lose thy soul, fool?"

"Fool thyself, thou prater! He that would save his soul shall surely lose it! I cannot stop. To do so is to lose my soul; through inanition, stagnation, death! Besides, I saw in my dream evergreen forests, backed by snow-clad heights; I saw pellucid winding streams sparkling in the sunlight; I tasted of the waters and they were cool and sweet to fevered lips; I saw fields of asphodel in which lovers freely walked by day or night with arms thrown around each other's neck; I heard the hum of labor, made lightsome by inventive genius and made gladsome by the sound of splendid music, and the joyous prattle of children at play; I saw men not so busy but that they could lend a helping hand to each other in a spirit of fraternity, and without hope of reward; I swear I have seen it nowhere else on earth, and my soul yearns to dwell there; the place must be, because I have seen it, I have seen it!"

"Dreamer! And if thou findest it, what shalt thou do? O, headstrong and wilful boy! Wilt thou stay there satisfied?" cried the dark-robed figure, cautiously, cunningly, with outstretched hand, groping for a stone with fell intent.

"No, indeed, no!" the youth replied, a radiant gleam upon his upturned face, "I shall return to tell others, that they may share my joy, enter into fellowship with me and spread the glad tidings of free life, free thought, free work, free love! Ah! God of Love, what pain,

what bliss! I come, I come! Safe, safe home at last!"

But a moment and naught remained upon the parched and dusty highway save a still figure and quiet face upturned to the sky, while rashlessly tramping across the fields of grain toward a spire in the distance was seen the form whose treacherous hand had hurled the stone and slain the ardent, hopeful life under plea of doing God a service!

Friends! Did you ever know anything of that kind? Do such things happen? Is it possible?

Why in humanity's name do we permit it? I would to heaven I knew where we are at. C. H. CHEYSE.

A FAIR SAMPLE OF HOW WORKMEN ARE TREATED BY MONOPOLIES.

What do you think of this? The notice for bids for carrying the mail from Lakewood to Home, a distance of over a mile and a quarter, and across the bay, three trips per week, were posted more than two weeks ago, and two persons bid on it, one for \$140 and the other for \$126 per year. The other day the notices were again posted, word having come that the bids made were too high. Now just think of the way that these government officials try to jaw down the workers while they themselves get good fat salaries. Then look at the expense each one has to pay in order to get a bid in. He has to get bondsmen and pay the expense of making out the bond, and affix a 50-cent revenue stamp, besides his own time and expense of going to Tacema before a notary public, who must be paid for his services. Now, just see the unfairness of having all bids rejected because the mogul at Washington thinks they are too high. He knows nothing of the difficulties of the route, yet he passes judgment, over a thousand miles away. But this is a fair sample of the way workmen are treated by other monopolies everywhere.

When men get tired of being leached in this way they will stop fooling with government. Were the natural opportunities free men could not be found who would do such work without just compensation. G. H. ALLEN.

The people say "Obey." The true man replies, "What shall I obey?" The people say, "We all do it." The true man asks, "Of what use is it?" The people say, "It has always been so." The true man says, "But why?" The people say, "Leave us alone. Your doubts are profane. We will not be disturbed." The true man says, "Very well, but the dead should be in their graves." —Victor E. Southworth.

May our discontent with ourselves continue until we live better, do more wisely, and are what we may become.—Myron Reed.

SPECULATION.

If it requires 1,200 words to "briefly" answer the simple question "How do you know a book?" good lord deliver us from an elaborate reply. Comrade Wilson's explanation does not explain. His flings at Spiritualists and Christians, though chestnutty, are as devoid of mental pabulum as the nut itself. Lugging in extraneous matters, though they be facts in nature, is neither edifying or entertaining. However lucid he may be when he confines himself to what he knows he becomes hopelessly involved when he enters the domain of speculation. Seemingly, he is oblivious to the fact that all sciences originated and culminated in the realm of speculation.

I ask what has my affirmation or denial of the five human senses to do with what he knows or does not know. What has his allusion to Spiritualism to do with the question propounded. For scientific mental gymnastics Comrade Wilson earned a leather medal when he indicted "if all his senses were gone he could conceive of nothing; his mind would be nothing—a spirit." Ahem! Will the comrade tell us where the senses have gone, and what is "a spirit?" If he will, possibly some of us may, in time, know what "mind" is. If language means anything he would have us believe that he has harnessed intelligence, conveyed it to his laboratory, submitted it to a crucial test, and found that it is a "combination of blood, bones, flesh, nerves, senses and brain," thus making it as clear as mud how he knows a book is a book and not a horse.

Since the comrade has determined that certain aggregations of matter is intelligence, and since all matter and aggregations of matter are distinguishable one from another by the "five witnesses," I insist that he inform us whether it (intelligence) is round or square, sour or sweet, hard or soft, fragrant or pungent?

Foolish questions you say, and I admit it, but no more so than the gyrations which elicit them.

With all his circumlocution the comrade leaves us where we commenced. The question was not asked in a spirit of levity. It is a problem demanding solution, and if solved will furnish the key to unlock the gates along the highway to the temple of knowledge.

Comrade Wilson's glittering generalities are a waste of time, as well as space in this paper, and my badinage and sarcasm (though excusable) is devoid of interest save to show that truth is many sided.

As a parting shot I will say that the comrade is wide of the mark when he says "these senses are the basis of all our knowledge." Contrariwise I assert that seeing, hearing, etc., of and by themselves, as factors in the discovery and application of the laws of science, are too insignificant to be classed as purveyors of knowledge.

Yours for a full, free and impartial investigation of all questions pertaining to the welfare of the race.

O. B. SERVER.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to DISCON-
TENT, Home, Wash.

RIGHT THIS TIME.

Congress voted an extra month's pay to the capitol employes. That makes 13 months pay, while the peons whose backs are bent to pay the tax do not get one-fourth the wages, half the work and seldom full pay for what they do work. But then capitol employes are serving the masters. After the \$80,000 was voted the employes for work not done a Republican committeeman called them in and politely requested that half of the sum be given the party for campaign purposes! But what do you care? The foreigner pays the tax. You elect corrupt men and you are corrupt just like them. Like seeks like. Most of you would do the same thing if you had the opportunity. And that is the reason you have corrupt government.—Appeal to Reason.

That's just what we Anarchists have said time and again. The people are slowly waking to the fact that governments are gigantic frauds. Once in a while a man like Brother Wayland says things like the above, but even he hardly knows the conclusion that many will arrive at from such premises. Why not go to the root of the matter and do without a machine which produces only misery and is so internally expensive. The above clipping gives the governmental position dead away. It seems clear that when you put a good (?) man in office that he is soon corrupted by the baneful association of rascals and thieves. When a few more people believe the above they'll begin to hunt up a remedy.

The strangest part of it is that when a man sees that all of this is true, and also more that he knows not of, he straightway goes over to another party of schemers who wish to supplant these fellows and take the pie themselves. They promise not to eat so much pie as their predecessors did.

"What fools we mortals be." "Shake," you're right often. Humanity has been warped and twisted all out of shape by the coercion of man-made laws, now let us try natural law a while. There will be less meanness done in the name of "law and order," anyway. And even if there would be as much, wouldn't it be a great deal cheaper, and the worker would have a few of the luxuries that the rich now enjoy though never produced.

G. H. ALLEN.

A BIBLICAL LESSON.

Bray without ceasing.—I Thess. 5:17.
Bray—To make petition or entreaty, to make prayer to God.

Unfortunately, perhaps, a dictionary of Paul's day cannot be referred to, but suppose God, who made all things, made the current dictionaries, and suppose this same Almighty, All-wise, Otherwise and Omnipotent God knows what his dear children need, what a peculiar father he must be to delight in being pestered all day and all night and always on all kinds of idiotic and devilish desires, such as "Give me a doll bigger than Polly's;" "Give me a baby;" it

must be a boy and he must not have red hair." "Oh, Lord, don't let me have any babies." "Prince of Peace, let me kill all the Boers; you ought to, because I V.—E Victoria—by thy grace have printed more Bibles than all the other nations under the moon, and killed by war and starvation more people—thy children, O God—than any other emperor; and please let me kill all the Chinese; there are only about 450,000,000 numbers are nothing to thee, and they will not accept my Bible superstitions which the Boers received and in which they put their trust; I wouldn't ask to kill the Chinese if they had ordered 450,000,000 Bibles, which the two monopolists of that trade—the universities of Oxford and Cambridge—are anxious to print, and bind, and sell, AND GET THE GOLD FOR.

O, God of Love, let us have a jolly all-over-the-world slaughter of the fools who make targets of themselves for a few cents a day, just as a climax to the hypocrisy of the great peace conference, and as a glorious wind-up of the century of brutality.

The nearest approach to fulfilling fake Paul's order to "pray without ceasing," would be to modernize the praying machine now carried about the streets of Thibet, which grinds out a prayer for a penny at the doors of those who would pay the price. American ingenuity would attach a human voice and electric power such as would please any reasonable fool—but the machine, even, might break down and then Paul's orders would be broken also.

The orthodox devil takes quite a different view of the situation; he does not wish to be bothered with all sorts of impossible requests, such as the Boers and English both praying—to the same God—to kill each other and be saved themselves, so he takes the line of help yourselves, boys, it is much better for you, makes men of you, and then you cannot blame me for not hearing, overlooking, or forgetting, thus saving me considerable worry, and the results are far better all the way round.

"Some for the glories of this world; and some.
Sigh for the parson's paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of distant drum!"
(Hubaiyat).

It just resolves itself into being a man and helping yourself, or being a superstitious fool, always asking and expecting but never getting the hoped for remittance, and, moreover, spoiling the beautiful world for others by your cringing, groveling influence on the universal vibrations.

San Francisco. KINGHORN-JONES.

PATRIOTISM IS A DISEASE.

How easy it is for the barons of imperialism and wealth to devise ways and means to pick a quarrel with foreign nations, in order to furnish an excuse for sending whole armies of tramps and proletarians out of the country, (by the way, isn't it strange that these excuses generally happen just before a national election), to be killed and cut to pieces by fools and taxpayers who, like themselves, have been "sickened" and goaded into this game of extermination by their own dear masters who, in their turn, have found this element getting too thick and numerous for their

private interests, and, like their prototypes of America, have resorted to this delicate method to thin them off. Often the pretext for war is preconcerted and understood by the ringleaders of both sides, and when this happens it is amusing and disgusting to note the expressions of gravity and solemnity which cloud the hypocritical faces of these seven-sided liars who pose as guardians of public safety and morality. These cowards seldom expose their own hypocrisy, but, ape like, crawl behind their hired mouthpieces—the satellites of the Associated Press, who never fail to repeat their masters' bidding with monkey-like accuracy and aptitude.

But I hear someone ask, "Why this ruthless slaughter of harmless Jaspers when they could be utilized in making brick and carrying straw?" Well, listen and I will tell you. There comes a time in the lives of all nations and peoples when the chains which bind these faithful slaves begin to chaff and gall. Of course, this never happens until this class becomes so numerous that their groans and complaints inadvertently reach the ears of their masters; then it happens that these wiseacres of policy and private snags get together in convention and hold midnight conclaves to study deviltry with which to relieve this dangerous situation. It generally results in the manufacture of some lie, cut to order, which is then used as pretext to inaugurate a fight; for example: Some chattering native, while catching terrapins on Hobo Island, made a wry face at Captain Blowhard, of the cruiser Braggart, on his way to China to steal territory, and actually threw a stone at "Old Glory," thus insulting the American republic and bringing her flag, the emblem of liberty and freedom, into disrepute and the dust.

This is enough. War is immediately proclaimed against the offending island. The dogs are let loose and a call goes forth for volunteers to cross the ocean and avenge this insult to the nation, and while gunboats and warships are being towed into line, pending the approaching conflict, these patriotic baboons from every corner of the globe will crowd wharves and depots anxious to enlist, and, if need be, lay down their lives to save the honor of their masters' country—especially the honor; and while these patriotic baboons are making targets of their worthless carcasses on the field of battle their masters are at home drinking champagne and plotting an issuance of bonds to load down the fighters and their posterity for centuries to come.

Patriotism is a disease, and the most malignant of all diseases which have infected the brain of man in the past. Like the scourge of cholera and smallpox it sweeps over a country like a cyclone and inoculates with deadly poison the majority of those found in its wake.

These level-headed slavedrivers understand this disease in all its stages, and can modify its temperature at will—from a gentle fever to the white heat of hydrophobia—and they are very careful in guarding the spawn which propagates this plague by mislabeling every bottle in the political laboratory, lest these blue-coated sovereigns discover a cure, and the old game of "Fox and Geese" be shown up in its true colors and the players exposed.

But there is little danger of this hap-

pening. When young men will face an open cannon in broad daylight, and refuse to "budge" an inch, to prove their "loyalty to country," (to say nothing of enduring the effects of a sickly climate), and all for \$13 per month and fourth-rate board—O, yes, I almost forgot, a suit of shoddy clothes, trimmed with brass buttons, and a 25-cent preventive check thrown in for "boot"—I say there is little hope of civilizing such automatic human excuses. Like the tree climbing What-is-its of Ceylon, the game is not worth the skinning.

And these are the sires and progenitors of future generations! Ye gods! Deliver the race by crossing it with some antediluvian iteroramphodactyllynchus with horns, scales and tails—anything to switch off future progeny from the deadly effects of the axiom "like produces like," and make them amenable to good horse-sense.

It is to be hoped that the Boxers of China will prove as invincible in the coming "boxing match" as the Boers have proven against John Bull in the Transvaal, and that they will kill off effectually the whole crop of fools who, like the locusts of Egypt, have landed in swarms on the coast of China to kill "John"—that is, if they can corner him.

We have lost their vote, anyhow, this fall, and by the time another election is on there will be plenty of sapheads left to vote for plutocracy and against progress...

H. F. HAELEY.

SWEET CHARITY AND CAPITAL.

Sweet Charity was one day passing down the street, dressed in the height of fashion, and showing in every line of her figure and in every feature of her countenance evidences of taste and refinement, when she came upon Industry lying beastly drunk in the gutter, just able to drag himself up on his elbow and curse a well-dressed gentleman by the name of Capital, who was passing in a stylish carriage. Sweet Charity and Capital exchanged greetings, agreed that Industry was in a shocking state of demoralization, tossed him a dime to sober up on, and then congratulated one another that their names had been changed by act of legislature so that nobody would ever suspect them of being daughter and son of that loathsome wretch, or that everything they had in the world they received from him.—The Straight Edge.

The individualist comes into life, not merely to inherit the past, but to enrich the future; not merely to accept what others have accomplished, but to make new achievements—not to walk in old paths merely but to find what lies beyond and to prepare the way for always new discoveries.—Victor E. Southworth.

Mutual respect implies discretion and reserve even in love itself; it means preserving as much liberty as possible to those whose lives we share. We must distrust our instinct of intervention, for the desire to make one's own will prevail is often disguised under the mask of solicitude.—Amiel's Journal.

Who is more really an egotist than your moral invalid, always feeling his pulse, complaining of his symptoms of ethical distress, or brooding over men's blame and censure?—Dole.

DISCONTENT

CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

CHAPTER X.

Ida Crawford had faced the future bravely, and had prepared in every way possible for the coming child. "It is a child's right to be born well, and mine shall have all the opportunity that I can give," and so she dressed in loose clothing, having the shoulders bear the weight, thus allowing free movement of every muscle; took judicious exercise, ate what food she wanted, read and studied—keeping posted on all the current events, and when her time of trial came she met it bravely, and though the time seemed long, and the pain great, she did not lose control of herself, but in every possible way aided nature. The result was satisfactory—a fine healthy boy, who was ready for his rations as soon as his mother could be prepared for him. No wrapping in cotton of this boy, no doubt of his living, and he was welcomed though church and Grundy had frowned upon his advent; though relatives and friends (?) had forsaken the mother, in spite of it all, the child came better prepared to fight life's battle than many a child who had the smile and blessing of church, state and Grundy. When Mrs. Blake laid the little one in his mother's arms the young mother pressed him to her heart and whispered "My baby, my boy, I love you." Is there anything sweeter or holier than mother love?

The days passed on, each one bringing health and strength to Ida, and stature and beauty to her boy. A little colic for a few days and then he settled down to eat and grow. What a joy he was to the three women! He was their king and right royally he wielded the scepter, but he was a gracious monarch and had a bright smile for all his willing subjects. There was a pang of sorrow to Ida in the little fellow's beauty, for he was a miniature James Bryington, and often when alone she would clasp him in her arms and, with overflowing eyes, would whisper:

"Darling, you are very like your father. How could he desert us so heartlessly? Oh, James, I wish I could forgive you."

But to no one except baby did she tell her sorrow. When the child was a month old she wrote to Mr. Crawford telling him of her baby, how large and healthy he was, and what a comfort he was to her. Mr. Crawford wrote saying:

"I am glad, my daughter, to hear that you are well and that your baby is such a comfort to you, and I am very glad the child is a boy. I have always wanted a son; a man feels better represented if he has sons; the mother is represented by her daughters. Dear Ida, I have a favor to ask of you. As I have never had a son, will you name the boy for me? My name is a common one, and you may not like it, but I would be proud to have my grandson bear my name. Let me know soon."

Ida read the letter with eyes almost blinded with tears.

"It has been perplexing me for some time, the name my baby should bear, but father has solved it for me. Common, indeed; I love the name."

By return mail a letter was sent saying:

"My Dear Father: You are so good, so kind to me, and I love you as I never did before. I am proud to give my boy your name, and Andrew Crawford he shall be called. I will not shorten the name, but will call him Andrew."

This was a part of the letter. A few days after Mr. Crawford received this from his daughter Ida was sitting in her room, holding little Andrew in her arms, when the door was opened and the maid said: "A gentleman to see you, Miss Crawford."

Ida looked up quickly, and then with a glad cry exclaimed: "Oh, father, father, how glad I am to see you!"

And then when Mr. Crawford took both mother and baby in his arms Ida wept tears of joy.

"It has been so lonesome, father; I have wanted to see the home folks. How is mother?"

"She is well; but, Ida, we will not talk of her, she has not changed in her feelings, and she does not know that I came here. I had some business to attend to and made it convenient to come this way. I wanted to see you and was anxious to see little Andrew."

He took the boy in his arms and looked lovingly at him.

"He is a fine boy, Ida. Oh, I wish things were different, and that you could come home and be happy. I tell you things are pretty badly mixed when such a child as this cannot be made welcome. He would put new life in the old home, but it cannot be; you know how your mother is; things are out of joint some way, but I don't see any way out of it. Somehow I look at these things differently from the way I used to. Ida, you are a brave girl to do as you have done."

"Father, it is Jennie Blake who has taught me and taken care of me. I was on the point of despair when she befriended me. She and her mother have been the truest and best friend's a girl ever had."

Then she told her father of the night at Younkers that she spent with Jennie and of the months that she had no other home.

"There she comes now," Ida said as a step was heard.

Jennie's surprise can be imagined when she opened the door and saw a stranger with the baby in his arms.

"Father has come to see us, Jennie."

And then followed the introduction. Mr. Crawford was cordially greeted by Mrs. Blake and Jennie. He told them of his longing to see his daughter and her boy, and how he would be glad to have her return with him to her home, but that he knew it would not be pleasant.

"I understand how it is and sympathize with you, but we are selfish enough to be glad that Ida can stay with us. We would be very lonely without her, and the baby we could not spare."

"Miss Blake, you have placed me under everlasting obligations to you in thus befriending my daughter at a time when her parents turned against her."

Mr. Crawford knew that something was wrong; just what it was he could not understand, but very dimly he began to see that it was not Ida who was wholly to blame. In fact, he was not quite sure that she was such a sinner as his wife had determined she was.

"Yet I wish she had married, then she could have come home," he said.

He left that night, taking the last

train to the city. "I will return home next week and will stop here." He kissed Ida, and taking little Andrew in his arms pressed a kiss on his little lips and placing the boy back into his mother's arms he turned hastily away and was gone.

Ida saw a tear on the little cheek and murmured "poor, lonely father."

The next week Mr. Crawford returned, spent a day with the Blakes and his daughter, and on leaving said:

"By the way, Ida, there is a package at the express office for Andrew Crawford, Jr. I will have it sent up."

Then telling Ida to keep him informed of her welfare, and to let him know all about little Andrew he bid them farewell and went back to his lonely home in the city.

The package was delivered that evening and found to contain a full outfit of short clothing, shoes and hose, a gold-lined silver cup, a silver knife, spoon, fork and plate, all the articles bearing the full name Andrew Crawford, Jr.

"Your grandpa is proud of you and your name, my little man, and he may be, for there never was a sweeter, more perfect little specimen of humanity than you are. You would take the blue ribbon at any baby show," said Jennie as she played with the little one.

Mrs. Blake had been over to see the Carrol baby and remarked:

"Andrew would pretty nearly make two of little Sam. Yes, they have named him Samuel F. Belle wanted to name him for her father, and said she thought Sam ought to be satisfied with having the baby called Sam, but he said the oldest son ought to be called for the father, and so he is called Samuel F. He doesn't grow very fast and Belle gains awful slow. She frets so much. Of course, that is caused some by her pains and aches, for she has womb trouble—'prolapsus uterus,' the doctor calls it. But what could you expect when she laced so tight and did so many things against nature? She asked about our baby, and I told her he was as fine a child as I ever saw. I tell you that Mary Archer is just the girl that is needed there. She keeps things up in pretty good shape and is as tender and careful with little Sam as his mother. I asked Belle to come over and bring the baby, but she didn't promise."

Belle's curiosity was too strong. She had heard so much about Andrew Crawford, Jr., and the fact of his grandfather having visited the mother and child, and leaving such handsome presents, and also that the child was named for the grandfather, made things look a little different.

"If the old man has so much money, and has come here to see the girl, you may be sure things are all right. The girl probably married some poor, good-for-nothing and is in hiding here."

So Sam Carrol said in his store one day to a number of men gossips who were discussing the women of the neighborhood.

"Yes, the old gent seemed mighty proud of the kid, and when he told me where to send the package marked Andrew Crawford, Jr., and said 'he is my grandson, and a fine boy he is, never saw a finer child, he is named for me, and he'll do honor to the name, too,' anyone could see that he was proud of the kid."

So said the express agent, and one and

all agreed that no grandfather who had money, and the manners of a gentleman, would be proud of an illegitimate grandchild.

In his own way Mr. Crawford had quietly turned the tide in Ida's favor. Belle came to see the wonderful baby, and, oh, how she wished her son was well and strong. "Sammy has no constitution at all, and sometimes I think we won't raise him." And there seemed to be some reason for her fear. Belle, herself was pallid and thin, very unlike the girl who stood at the altar, some months before, and vowed to love as long as life lasted, the man who stood beside her. A whining, complaining woman, a fretful baby. No, marriage alone was not the cause of this state of affairs, but marriage without love was the cause of the unhappiness, and ignorance was the reason for the ill health and disease that both mother and child suffered. Ida was more matronly, more dignified, than when she was a student at the seminary, but there was a thoughtfulness and gravity of demeanor that did not detract from her charms, and she had grown into a beautiful woman, and it was with an envious spirit that Belle watched her and wondered why she should have been given ill health for her portion and Ida have such perfect health. Sammy whined and cried peevishly when he was awake. Every time he cried he was nursed; it was enough to keep both mother and child in poor condition. When Andrew was hungry he let his wants be known lustily, in fact, he roared; but he was fed regularly. "Every two and a half hours, now, we think is enough;" and the fat cheeks and dimpled hands and legs were proof that he had all the nourishment necessary to his well being.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

La Defense, a Tarteite journal in Chicontimí, Quebec, thus preaches on the Transvaal war: "The drama which for some months has been unrolled in South Africa approaches its end. A few difficulties of details, a few more cannon shots, and it will be over. Force will have triumphed over right, over justice, and courage. The heroic people of the Transvaal pay with their blood and their liberty for the audacious wish to remain masters of their own country. They fail and the conquerors are about to divide the spoil, as brigands do after having assassinated a traveler in a corner of a wood. But the traveler was brave, and, well armed, he long defended himself; he called for help, and his cries have been heard by the entire world. The Boers are throttled under the eyes of the universe, which sanctimoniously looks on while this crime is accomplished, and takes no heed because it has nothing to gain in taking part with the oppressed. The egotism of the day will have it so—everyone for himself. But sensitive hearts will close their ears if they cannot bear the cries of the victims. We have already had the massacres of the Armenians, the humanitarian campaign of Cuba and of the Philippines; today it is the Transvaal, tomorrow it will be the turn of another people!"

A man is never so ridiculous by those qualities that are his own as those he affects to have.—Benjamin Franklin.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

A. J. Hicklin has been visiting his brother the past week.

Another rowboat can be seen on the bay. It belongs to F. H. Worden.

J. W. Gaskine, who has been here for the past four months, left yesterday for California.

Many times we have demonstrated here the falsity of the idea that without a monetary compensation things "pro bono publico" would not be done. On Sunday we again had another example. Nearly all the men, women and children assembled with axes, rakes and scythes to clear up a part of the new park for a picnic ground. The water front of the park was given by M. V. Dadisman and the back of it belongs to the Mutual Home Association. It is one of the ideal spots of our location. The day was beautiful and all of us did our best to accomplish the purpose and it is surprising the amount of work done. We all took lunch with us, and after eating it began again. What a happy lot. Lots of fun. Come next Sunday; you'll never regret it. Voluntaryism is the ideal way to apply cooperation.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 83 people here—23 men, 19 women and 41 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

IN ACCORD WITH OUR ENDEAVORS.

During these last three months I have not seen a copy of DISCONTENT, but since my return to my brother, who reads your paper with great interest, on reading the back numbers I realize their excellence and feel a more friendly sympathy with your correspondents.

Your scheme of a social structure is in harmony with views I have long entertained; the great desideratum is a moral and intellectual condition of the people to sustain it in such a manner as to meet the expectations of the true Anarchists. The church and the state are the great engines of oppression—the means by which ambitious, despotic and selfish men trample the great mass of wealth producers under their feet and reduce them to a condition of slavery far worse than chattel slavery. So long as the masses submit to this condition it will continue. Let them demand justice and it will be established; but they do not demand justice, being held in bondage by reverence for man-made authority and veneration for a damnable super-

sition called religion, both of which are the curses of humanity.

I am in hearty accord with your noble endeavors to establish a society in accordance with justice and the inalienable rights of man. Hoping for your continued prosperity, and with kindest regards for your correspondents, I am cordially and fraternally yours,

Rosedale, Kas. E. J. SCHEILHOUS.

THE DALE PLAN.

No. 3.

INDIVIDUAL HOMES.

The trustee will deal directly with individuals, and not with families or groups. Those who wish to live in groups will be domiciled outside of the common domain. Children, too young to be domiciled separately, will be regarded as guests of their parents, or of others to whom they may be attracted. Guests will be treated as residents as soon and as far as they assume responsibility for their own maintenance and conduct. Food will be prepared in the common kitchen, but may be served privately, if so desired. Clubbing will not be allowed, except for the common benefit, and under the direction of the trustee. Limited titles, to either apartments or land, will be by written contract, and may be for any period of time that may be agreed upon. No other limitation or condition will be required, except that each will observe the fundamental principle of individuality, upon which the social order is based. Leases will not be transferable, except with the consent of the trustee, but they may be cancelled by agreement, or for sufficient cause, to be determined by arbitration, or, if necessary, by legal proceedings.

The trustee will be empowered to alienate the common domain, and appoint his successor in office; but such alienation or succession shall work no forfeiture of an outstanding lease.

Occupants may adopt any rules they please, for regulating their affairs, collective or individual; but no breach of such rules will be sufficient cause for the cancellation of a lease, it being the office of the trustee to interfere only in matters involving the fundamental law.

Dale, Okla.

A. WARREN.

The forced resignations of Professors Bemis and Herron from the respective colleges of which they were the heads are still in the minds of readers, and now another deposed president is added to the list, Henry Wade Rogers of the Northwestern University of Evanston, Ills., an old established Methodist institution, is the last to be turned out. One of the college trustees is reported to have declared that a year ago, at a public meeting in Chicago, he made a speech against imperialism. Now the list stands: Prof. Bemis, for opposing a gas monopoly; Prof. Will, for calling land monopoly to account; Prof. Andrews for having democratic opinions on the money question; Prof. Herron, for bringing plutocracy to the test of Christianity, and now Prof. Rogers, for standing by the Declaration of Independence. Now, dear reader, who do you suppose is molding opinion in the colleges of our nation, plutocracy or public opinion? To what is this system tending? Are you doing your share to educate against such doings by showing the folly of such actions to those with whom you associate? Think it over and act consistently.—Industrial Freedom.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Tuesday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be the Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that _____ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy for life of lot _____ block _____ as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.